THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 81.

Vox populi vox dei.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

TO the cosmopolite, in spirit, I know of no more consolatory reflection, or, to the eye of philanthropy, a more exhilirating prospect, than the striking and universal pre-eminence of the modern over the ancient world, even when in the zenith of its reputation, and in the most celebrated eras of its renown. Human reason towers in flights, far beyond the ken of Grecian or Roman philosophy to reach, or their presciences to anticipate; and irradiations of light have beamed upon the world, to whose splendor the boasted perfection of antiquity is as much inferior as that perfection is exalted above the gross ignorance and ferocious barbarism of the eleventh century. Science and the arts have enlarged their empire, and indefinitely multiplied their ramifications; the range of the ratiocinative faculty is incalculably dilated; to the powers of fancy are expanded new and inexhaustible sources of amusement and creation; and the mind reviews, with astonishment and exultation, the extent of its progress, and the variety of its acquisitions.

We emulate the ancients in the distinguishing characteristics of their excellence, and encounter them in the most favourite walks of their genius. To Plato and Aristotle we may oppose, in politics, Locke, Montesquieu, or Machiavel; in criticism, a Johnson or a Blair; in pneumatology, the patient research, luminous method, and profound analysis of Reid and Steward: to the nervous diction and masculine oratory of Demosthenes, the logical precision. and irresistible cogency of Chatham and Fox: to the diffuse, the brilliant, the versatile, and argumentative eloquence of Cicero, the more enlarged philosophy, diversified information, glowing stile, ductile imagination, rich and variegated imagery of Burke. The glory of Pliny is lost in the superior lustre of Linnæus and Buffon: the problems of Euclid and Archimedes dwindle into insignificance when contrasted with that vast superstructure of mathematical truth, which the moderns have reared by the instrumentality of algebraic and infinitesimal calculation. From a monstrous compound of visionary theory, and wild, absurd hypothesis, the grand discoveries of Newton and Kepler, the elaborate investigations of La Grange and La Lande, have exalted astronomy to the rank of one of the most extensive and clearly demonstrable, as it is the most sublime and useful of sciences. The invention of glasses, which bring near what is immensely remote, and render perceptible, what the unassisted eye would search for in vain, which lead up the astronomer's discernment even to the satellites of the Georgium Sidus, and carry down the naturalist's observation as far as the animalcule race, has elucidated an infinitude of phenomena, heretofore deemed inexplicable, and opened new stores of knowledge too abundant for the imagination itself to grasp, too multifarious for the limited period of human life thoroughly to explore.

In the course of this progressive amelioration, the ten closing years of the last century have produced improvements both of theoretic and practical legislation, which more nearly affect and which must ultimately prove more beneficial to society, than any other of which the ingenuity of man can boast. My remarks on this head shall be confined to the most momentous of those improvements, the more complete developement and wider diffusion of what the enlightened venerate as the boldest lineament and very seminal principle of the sacred rights of man, I mean the text I have adopted, 'that the voice of the people is the voice of God.' As by the voice of the people is understood the voice of the majority, and as a majority is always composed of those, whom the inanity of pride has contumeliously denominated the vulgar, their voice comes, therefore, not simply as the dictate of the most profound sublunary wisdom, but fortified by the more awful and imposing guise of an emanation from on high. It was at the prospect of a revolution, which promised to propagate and establish this maxim, together with all the unutterable blessings which it necessarily entails, that a juvenile warmth thrilled the frame of doctor Price, that, in the ardor of joyful anticipation, and in the effervescence of a generous zeal, he breaks out, to speak the language of his eloquent antagonist, into 'that beautiful and prophetic ejaculation' nunc demittis, 'Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' He saw, as if in the bird-eye landscape of a promised land,' the proximate overthrow of that subordination of rank, so falsely emblazoned as the Corinthian pillar of society, he saw the invidious distinctions of birth and wealth and talent totally exploded; superstition, under the more specious apellation of religion, disrobed of all the ornaments, and divested of all the terrors which the pious credulity of accumulated ages had enabled her to usurp; mankind casting off the thraldom of experience and the clog of prejudice; acquiescing in no domination but that of reason; amalgamated into one promiscuous mass, and consolidated into one equal fraternity. He saw the approaching verification of this prediction of the Gospel, 'that the kingdom of Sion was at hand, that whatever was highest on earth should be brought lowest, and whatever was low should be exalted.' The partial illuminations of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries did but lop the branches, and prune the luxuriancy of the feudal despotism: he saw the axe now applied to the root, the sap siccated, and the trunk withered. Mathias and Boccolo, it is true, seemed in those ages to have imbibed one spark of the celestial fire; they seized upon Munster, a city of Westphalia, proclaimed that the spirit of God should alone be their political guide; taught the universal equality of man, and anathematised the office of magistracy, as an unwarrantable encroachment on spiritual independence. Cnipperdoling's voluntary commutation of the consular dignity, for the humble duty of a public executioner, sanctioned those doctrines by an act of self debasement, no less rare than admirable. Unfortunately for their contemporaries, the flame which they lighted up was both circumscribed in its extent, and transient in its duration; the salutary lessons inculcated by the first, and the heroic example of the latter, were equally inefficacious in a warfare against the bigotted hierachy and too potent aristocracy of the times; it remained for this glorious epoch to prosecute what they had left inchoate, to imbrace their principles in the fullest latitude, to give them wider dissemination, and establish them on a more stable basis.

For one conversant with the literature of the ancients, it is almost a work of supererogation to remark, that whatever they possessed of genius the most brilliant, judgment the most solid, or penetration the most acute, militates not only against the letter, but against the spirit of the maxim which forms the subject of the present essay. The works of Plato and Aristotle, of Herodotus and Thucydides, of Xenophon and Plutarch, of all the luminaries of Greece and Rome, illustrious for their experimental knowledge of republican systems, teem with the most unqualified abuse of majorities; their turbulence and venality, their credulity and ingratitude, their indiscriminating vindictive rage, when roused, their wanton oppressive tyranny when armed with power, are themes on which they appear to dwell with the utmost fervor of complacency and energy of invective. They abound in opprobrious epithet, odious simile, and injurious allusion. From their mutability they assimilate the populace to the moon, and enforce the analogy by pourtraying both bodies as equally opaque, in which there is inherent no native light, whose superficies can only be affected, and whose interior is impervious to the cheering ray. A solitary eagle supports the blaze of the sun better than a myriad of bats; if the chisel of the statuary, and the polish of the artificer are essentially requisite to fashion a stone into the human figure: without their aid that figure would as little spring from a junction of all the stones of the quarry, or the rocks of the mountain. If the union of an infinity of Zenos can never produce an unit, to the unenlightened wisdom of antiquity a similar impossibility would seem to obtain that an infallible decision, or even a judicious choice, should result from an host of men, who, individually, can have no speculative or practical acquaintance with government, whose situation and habits necessarily preclude them from even a moderate insight into the genuine characters of the candidates for their favour.

The celebrated Phocion is said to have been so deeply impressed with these ideas, that he considered the plaudits of the multitude as the most indubitable test of error, and habitually investigated, with peculiar warmth of suspicion, and diligence of scrutiny, the steps of his career, which stood highest in the public estimation. To an undistinguishing eye the melancholy catastrophe of this great man would appear to superadd no contemptible weight to his opinions: he was finally executed, as an infamous delinquent, by the people of Athens, although the boast of Greece for the supereminent endowments of his mind, and the exalted purity of his life.

Whatever loftiness of feeling, or elation of conscious superiority, this retrospect must infuse into the breast of the most illiterate of the present day, I venture to pronounce that those emotions will be greatly invigorated, and the triumph doubly enhanced when the name of Cicero is subjoined in support of the same ignoble cause. With a hand that refined and perfected whatever it touched, with a mind that ranged through every region of science, and penetrated into every subject, however complicated or abstruse; in his political disquisitions alone he walked in error, and groped in obscurity. A most intimate knowledge of human nature, and a long series of years, unremittingly occupied in the midst of popular elections, and in the study of popular passions, instead of leading him in the strait path, served but to widen and multiply his aberrations. His banishment from the republic, after having twice preserved it from destruction, the exaltation of Piso, Lentulus, and 'a funeral train' of ferocious monsters, the subsequent reign of the sanguinary triumvirate, may possibly have conduced to the adoption of those sentiments, so repugnant to the majesty of the people, of which he makes even an ostentatious display. The following argument, already given in substance above, is gravely advanced in the fifth book of the Tusculano: 'An quidquam stultius, quam quos singulos contemnas, illos aliquid putare esse universos?' In an other philosophical moment, in all the coolness of speculation, he unequivocally declares that the multitude possesses neither reason or prudence, or discrimination or judgment, 'Non ratio, non discrimen, non consilium, non diligentia in vulgo.' His ideas of government wear a similar aspect, 'Statuo esse optime constitutam rempublicam quæ ex intribus generibus illis regali, optimo et populari modice confusa.' This vaunted union and eternal equipoise of the three diverse species, is but the veil of tyranny, the delusive plausibility of interested politicians, fundamentally subversive of real liberty, and every way incompatible with the voice of the people, if free and untramelled in its operation. Their's would be the total abolition of the regal authority, the annihilation of the aristocratical, the complete preponderance of the popular. The works of Seneca breathe the same spirit, and strenuously inculcate the same doctrine: the sober moralist treads undeviatingly in the footsteps of his predecessors, dictatorially publishes to the world that nothing is so contemptible as the judgment of the multitude, 'nihil tam inestimabile est quam animi multitudinis,' and omits no opportunity of instilling a preposterous and an aristocratical, but, with him, a favourite maxim, 'estimes judicia non numeres,' estimate opinions by their intrinsic merit, and not by the number of their abettors.

If the reader, from his individual experience, or in the plenitude of his veneration for these great names, be inclined to fluctuate, I would beg leave to suggest, and it should always be premised, that a belief of what is incomprehensible, constitutes the essence of faith. If also, in the course of his historical studies, he should have encountered obstacles still more formidable, if he should have found that the annals of all democratical institutions uniformly record the triumph of vice, and the depression of virtue; that they are invariably the archives of licentious disorder, and tumultuary violence, of iniquitous intrigue, and shameless corruption, of bloodshed and of massacre, if he should have discovered that whatever is most abhorrent to the understanding and to the heart has been, in all ages, sanctioned by the general approbation of a multiplicity of nations, I would again remark, that the ways of providence are inscrutable to man, and that it is a received paralogism in logic to condemn because we do not understand. This country has already felt the genial influence of the preponderance of the majority, it is here that the genius of universal suffrage has selected the seat of his empire; we have opened 'an asylum for oppressed humanity from all parts of the globe;' to that asylum numbers of the oppressed have flown; throwing aside narrow views, and local prejudices, we have demanded no probationary period, but instantaneously made them members of our body corporate, and even elevated them to the rank of our political teachers; we have, indeed, a constitution moulded after a corrupt model, but the framers and the advocates of that constitution we have hurled from power, and in their place have substituted those who know no reverential awe, or puerile scruple, who have already applied the incission knife, and can soon lodge it in the family vault of 'all the Capulets,' these are a part of the effects of this glorious doctrine; to them, and to such as are future, I appeal as the most irrefragable vouchers of its truth and utility.

FLORIAN.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CLIMENOLE.

A REVIEW, POLITICAL AND LITERARY.

NO. 3.

Memorabilia democratica, or the history of democracy. Containing a full and true account of that venerable science. Interspersed with anecdotes, characters and speeches of eminent democrats, ancient and modern. Ornamented with thirty engravings of American democrats, by Slaveslap Kiddnap, Esq. Foolscap, 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1651

Washington, printed by Samuel H. Smith, for Duane and Cheetham, and Adams and F. Blake, proprietors of the work.

In pursuance of my engagements, I now present to the public an extract from the first section of the first chapter of this admirable work, which opens in the following manner:

"Man is, by nature, a mighty megalonyx, produced purposely, in a philosophical view, to prowl, pillage,* propagate, and putrify. But circumstances combining to produce an augmentation of the species, and the ratio of individual exigencies increasing beyond that of his energies, he was soon necessitated to circumscribe his natural dispositions, and submit to the slavish requisitions of society. In this state his original temperament preserved its preponderancy. The inclination to take from each other, what each other had accumulated, strengthened. Hence proceeded throes and convulsions. The agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking, through blood and slaughter, to wrest its earnings from labour, and the counter current, the disposition to retain produced, agitated the billows of society, and left no shore peaceful. To this wild condition of civilized man, succeeds a republican organization. Instead of expending his blood and substance for the wretched purpose of exchanging this master for that, he placed the powers of governing him in a plurality of hands of his own choice: so that the corrupt will of no one man might in future oppress him, and, proscribing prerogative, he consolidated the laws in the hands of such plurality. Then succeeded the sum of good government. Then closed the circle of his felicities. Men, restrained from injuring one another, and left otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry or improvement, took not from the mouth of labour the bread it had earned, nor from the belly of industry the butter it had churned.

"About to enter, republicans, upon an examination, which will comprehend every thing dear and valuable to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principle of democracy. I will compress them into the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principle, but not all its modifications. Regular and continued multiplication of men. 'Heat being,' as the great Jefferson says, 'friendly, and *moisture* adverse, to the production and developement of large animals,'* a careful collection of fuel for population propensities. Intimacy, commerce, and sexual connection with all women—matrimonial alliances with none—a careful preservation of the whole constitutional vigour, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home, and safety from abroad. The support and elevation of insurgents, Genevans, French, and other imported patriots, as the most competent administrators of our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwark against anti-republican tendencies; a jealous watchfulness over elections, and a studious command of democratic plurality, by the mild and easy infusion, into the rights of suffrage, of foreigners, who, at home, were destined to be lopt by the sword of the law. A well disciplined band of needy expectants, our best reliance in power, and our only sure resort in moments of election. The civil supremacy of a democratic executive, and a prompt corrective for the want of participation in office of those, who are neither honest, capable, nor faithful to the constitution; economy in the public expense, that coaches may be lightly burdened; the punctual payments of Virginia debts from the national purse, and a sacred distribution of offices, according to faith pledged previous to election. Encouragement of Duane, and of Dawson as his hand-maid. Diffusion of jealousies of monarchical designs, and arraignment of all orders of the state at the bar of democratic reason. Freedom for all religions and for atheism—freedom for falsehood—freedom for convicted libellers, under the protection of the power of pardoning—and a trial by juries, selected by marshals appointed out of our own party, or trembling under correcting procedures. These are the bright constellation of principles, which have conducted, or attended, democratic power in all ages and nations, and as they should be the text of civic instruction, the touchstone by which to try those we trust, I thought I could not do better than thus, in the beginning of my history, to give them as conspicuous a place as their importance deserves."

Having shewn the above extract to some democratic friends of mine, they affirm that it is as choice a sample of fine writing as was ever produced in any age or country. It is, say they, cut in the latest and most fashionable *court stile*, and closely corrected after the most approved models. As to that '*sublime alliteration*, (for so

* To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot.
POPE.

* See his Notes on Virginia.

they term it), with which the work opens, they are at a loss for language to express their admiration. According to them, however, our author cannot lay claim to originality in designing this beauty, as they insist he had it in outline from the great Jefferson, who, in his sixth query of his Notes on Virginia, expresses himself in the following elegant manner. 'The truth is that a *pigmy* and a *patagonian*, a *mouse* and a *mammoth*, *derive* their *dimensions* from the same nutritive juices.' Again, a sentence or two after, 'But all the *manna* of heaven would never raise a *mouse* to the bulk of the *mammoth*.' These sentences they affirm must have been in the eye of Mr. Kiddnap, and that by them he must have modelled his own. Their candour and justice will not permit them to deny that, in this instance, the disciple has surpassed his master, and reached a point of exquisite refinement, which the original has not attained. In like manner as some of the finest inventions of Homer expand with new graces by the striking attitudes and flowing drapery in which Virgil's genius displays them, I find this beauty of alliteration very popular among all my democratic friends. 'My mind,' said one of them, speaking to me upon this subject, 'often sinks under the majesty of this form of speech, so happily exemplified in the writings of this illustrious head of our sect. Of what infinite talents must not he be possessed, who is able to give thought alphabetical arrangement! What a wide range of intellect, commanding the whole circle of science from alpha to omega, or, to speak more intelligibly, from A, to and-per-se-and. Great writers, like great heroes, have ever been scrupulously precise in marshalling their instruments. Frederic of Prussia not only watched over the great concerns of his camp, but also was attentive to the minutest part of the dress and uniform of his soldiers. Now what is alliteration in stile, but words dressed in uniform, which have as great superiority, in point of effect, over the common slovenly mode of composition, as a regular army of Prussian blues would have over a beggarly mob, collected from docks and kennels, on any patriotic emergence. I cannot but hope, therefore, that, before I die, under the sanction of our present chief magistrate, who is, doubtless, in the chair for life, to see some folios written, in which every word shall begin with the favourite letter, and from which every one, not having the established character, shall be driven with as much contempt, as Frederic would have driven from his organised battalions a rustic in shirt-sleeves.'

With respect to that passage, in the preceding extract, which speaks of not taking 'from the mouth of labour the bread it had earned,' my democratic friends are of opinion, that it is, so literally adopted from an expression of the great and original Jefferson, as to amount to a plagiarism, altogether unpardonable, were it not for that conclusion of the sentence, for which Mr. Kiddnap is intitled to the whole credit. They are in rapture at the new idea, he has inserted, of not taking 'from the belly of industry the butter it has churned,' and are chagrined that a thought, at once so natural and so obvious, should have escaped the eye of their admired leader. 'For,' say they, 'all the democrats in the ancient dominion have butter to their bread, so that the latter could not well be taken out of the mouth, without the former came along with it.' Besides, as the design of Mr. Jefferson was, undoubtedly, to show power in one of its most odious exercises, the thought of Mr. Kiddnap, they think, is much more striking, and, of consequence, must proportionally, interest the bosom of philanthropic humanity, or of humane philanthropy, (I forget which expression they used), to see the hand of tyranny plucking, not simply bread from the mouth, but *bread and butter from the belly of labour*.

The only part of this passage, to which any of my democratic friends objected is the word '*churn*.' Some of them thought it was not happy, in the relation in which it stood, inasmuch as the butter must have been churned, before it got into the belly, and they did not recollect any figure of speech, by which this word could be applied to the processes of digestion. One of my friends, however, more acute than the rest, vindicated Mr. Kiddnap, by observing that he thought the expression correct enough. For as it appeared by Mr. Jefferson's own words, that the *mouth* might *EARN* the bread, he did not see why the *belly* might not, with equal propriety, be said to *CHURN* the butter. It is true that the design of the stomach is to digest the butter, and not to churn it, and so also it may be said, with no less justice, that the design of the mouth is to eat the bread and not to earn it. For his part, he thought Mr. Kiddnap was correct, and had the sanction of the highest authority.

The remainder of this extract, they agreed on all sides, was a perfect piece of composition, whether considered with respect to style or sentiment; altogether worthy of the writer, the party, and the man; so that it deserved to be printed on *white sattin*, and form the ornament of chimney pieces and side-boards; an honour which only one or two democratic works have ever before merited.

I have thus given to the public the first transcript from the work under review. In the scope and execution of which, I trust, its taste and curiosity have been abundantly gratified. And I dare promise that the other parts of this rare work will be not less worthy of its attention and esteem. I have also thought it best to suffer this, as I shall future extracts, to be accompanied by the remarks of democrats of taste and discernment; reserving my own opinion to be given at the last. For as I profess not to be of the same sect with Mr. Kiddnap, I am fearful if I should print my own opinions only, without taking notice of the favourable sentiments of his friends, lest it should look like taking advantage of the review of a literary work to inforce political principles and prejudices: than which nothing is more distant from my views. The course I have taken in this, I shall follow in all future numbers. The friends of Mr. Kiddnap, when their opinions are known, shall first be heard on the merits of his work. But I shall reserve to myself the privilege of expressing my own opinion when a proper occasion offers. There is no character of which I am so ambitious as that of an impartial critic.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

[Continued.]

Ariel, road of Croix, September 8, 1780.

I dare say, my dear friend, my silence for so long a time must have an extraordinary appearance to you, and have excited in your mind various conjectures not much to my advantage. I will now endeavour to make some atonement, by confessing the truth. I have been ashamed to write you an account of the strange variety of events that have taken place, and detained me in port, from the tenth of February until this date.

I wish to pass over these events, for the present, in silence, choosing rather to suffer a little ill-natured misconstruction, than to attempt explanations before the matters are brought to a proper and final decision. I hope it will then appear that I have been not very fairly treated, and that my conduct has been blameless. M. De C—— pursued his resentment to such a length as obliged me in April to pay a visit to the Minister, greatly against my will at that moment, for I then thought myself neglected, and not very well used by him; but I was most agreeably undeceived by the very friendly reception I met with. My every demand was granted respecting the prizes; it became me, therefore, to be very modest. I found that I had C. alone to thank for the altercations at the Texel. He sought to dishonour me, but could not. I had the happiness to be feasted and caressed by all the world at Paris and Versailles except himself. He, however, looked guilty; we did not speak together, not because I had any determined objection, for I love his family, but he could not look me in the face, and fled whenever chance brought us near each other.

Without studying it, I enjoyed over him a triumph as great as I could wish to experience over Jemmy Twitcher. His majesty ordered a superb sword to be made for me, which I have since received, and it is called much more elegant than that presented to the Marquis de la Fayette. On the blade is this inscription, 'Vindicati Maris Ludovicius XV. remunerator strenuo vindici.' His Majesty has also written, by his Minister, the strongest letter that is possible in approbation of my conduct, to the President of Congress, offering to invest me with the cross, an institution of military merit, which I carry with me, for that purpose, to the Chevalier de la Luzerne. The Minister of the Marine has besides addressed a very kind letter to myself, and I have also had the like honour shewn me by the other Ministers. I continue to receive constant marks of esteem and honourable attention from the court, and the ship I now command was lent to the United States in consequence of my application. Nothing has detained me from sailing for this month past, but that my officers and men are still without wages or prize money. There is a strange mystery in this, which, when explained, must surprise C. who pretends to exercise authority over these monies, will I fear persist in withholding them till he obliges me to lay a second complaint against him before the Minister; and if I am reduced to the necessity of this step, he will not come off as well as he has hitherto done, on the score of betraying secrets.

I will take care of your packets, and, as I expect to remain but two or three days longer, I hope to hear from you through the hands of our friend R. M. of Philadelphia. Let me know how Mr. Round Face, first letter, that went lately from Paris to the Hague, is proceeding? I understand he is gone to Amsterdam. I wish he may be doing good. If he should, inadvertantly, do evil, as a stranger, I shall, as his fellow-citizen, be very sorry for it, but you, being a native, will hear of it. I confess I am anxious about his situation. The man has a family, and these troublesome times, I wish he were at home to mind his trade and his fire-side, for I think he has travelled more than his fortune can well bear.

Present my respects to Madame, and the virgin muse. I got many little pieces addressed to me while near the court, but I made very little return. When I revisit Europe, and find a moment to see you at the Hague, I will be obliged to you if you please make a C—— of my brother knight, for his unremitting attention to me while at the Texel. I have written but twice to your Satan. I am, my dear philosopher, with unalterable regard, your

M. Dumas. T. P. JONES.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF ROBERT DODSLEY.

[Concluded.]

The intrinsic merit of Cleone, as a moral and interesting drama, is universally acknowledged. 'When I heard you read it,' said Dr. Johnson to Mr. Langton, as reported by Mr. Boswell, 'I thought higher of its power of language. When I read it myself, I was more sensible of its pathetic effect. If Otway had written this play, no other of his pieces would have been remembered.' Dodsley himself, upon this being repeated to them, said, 'It was too much.'

It will not, indeed, stand in competition with the tragedies of Otway or Southerne; but it is not, upon the whole, inferior to any that have been brought upon either stage for the last fifty years, except 'Douglas.' It is equally free from the bombast and rant of a 'Barbarossa,' and from the flowery whine and romantic softness of 'Philoclea;' but at the same time it wants the majesty of diction, and high reach of thought, essential to the dignity of a perfect tragedy. The plot is too thin; the scenes are too barren of incidents, at least of important ones), and the language, in general, too much, though not altogether destitute of poetry. It contains, however, some happy expressions and striking sentiments. The circumstance of Siffroy's giving his friend directions concerning his wife, has some degree of similarity to Posthumus's orders in 'Cymbeline.' In the two last acts, he appears to the greatest advantage: Cleone's madness, in particular, over her murdered infant, being highly pathetic.

This tragedy has lately been revived by Mrs. Siddons; but so strong were the feelings which her exquisite performance of Cleone excited on the first night of acting, that the house was thin on the second night, and the play was dropped.

In 1760, he published his last separate work, the Select Fables of Æsop, and other Fabulists, in three books, with the Life of Æsop, and an Essay on Fable, 8vo. This work added greatly to his reputation. It is indeed a classical performance, both in regard to the elegant simplicity of the style, and the propriety of the sentiments and characters. The first book contains ancient, the second modern, and the third original fables; the stories in the third book are wholly invented by Dodsley and his friends. The Life of Æsop, by M. Mezeriac, is the only Life of Æsop that is consistent with common sense; that of Planudes being a ridiculous medley of absurd traditions, or equally absurd inventions. The Essay considers the fable regularly; first, with relation to the moral; secondly, the actions and incidents; thirdly, the persons, character, and sentiments; and, lastly, the language. This is one of the first pieces of criticism, in which rules are delivered for this species of composition drawn from nature, and by which these small and pleasing kind of productions that were thought to have little other standard than the fancy, are brought under the jurisdiction of the judgment. Dodsley has been so eminently successful in his design, that the propriety of his remarks cannot be disputed, except only in a single instance; in which, alluding to the well-known fable of the 'Fox and the Grapes,' he says, 'a fox should not be said to long for grapes;' because the appetite is not consistent with its known character. It is not so in the east. Dr. Hasselquist, in his 'Travels,' observes, that the fox is an animal common in Palestine; and that it destroys the vines, unless it is strictly watched. Solomon also says, in 'Canticles' ii. 15. 'Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes.' Before he committed the Essay to the press, he subjected it to the revisal of his literary friends, and especially of Shenstone.

In 1761, he published a collection of Fugitive Pieces, by Spence, Cooper, Lord Whitworth, Mr. Burke, Mr. Clubbe, Dr. Lancaster, Dr. Hill, and other elegant writers, in 2 vols, 8vo.

In 1763, he published the works of his amiable and ingenious friend Shenstone, in 2 vols, 12mo; to which he prefixed a short account of his life and writings, and added a description of the Leasowes.

His 'Description of Persefield,' in a letter to Shenstone, is preserved in Hull's 'Select Letters,' between the Duchess of Somerset, Lady Luxborough, Mr. Whistler, Miss. Dolman, Shenstone, Dodsley, &c. in 2 vols, 1778.

In the course of his profession, Dodsley acquired a very handsome fortune, which enabled him to retire from the active part of business, which devolved on his brother and partner, Mr. James Dodsley, the present respectable bookseller in Pall-Mall. During the latter years of his life he was much troubled with the gout, to which, at length, he fell a martyr, while he was upon a visit to his friend Spence, at Durham, Sept. 5. 1764, in the sixty-first year of his age. Spence paid the last kind office to his remains. He was buried in the Abbey church-yard of Durham, and the following inscription was engraved on his tomb-stone.

If you have any respect
For uncommon industry and merit,
Regard this place
In which are deposited, the remains of

MR. ROBERT DODSLEY;

Who, as an author, raised himself
Much above what could have been expected
From one in his rank of life,
And without a learned education;
And who, as a man, was scarce
Exceeded by any in integrity of heart,
And purity of manners and conversation.
He left this life for a better,
Sept. 25. 1764,
In the 61st year of his age.

A second volume of his Miscellanies was published in 8vo, 1772. The volume contains Cleone, Melpomene, Agriculture, and the Economy of Human Life. The editions of the Economy of Human Life are too numerous to be specified. His Agriculture, Melpomene, and other poems, are now, for the first time received into a collection of classical English poetry.

His character was very amiable and respectable. As a tradesman, he preserved the greatest integrity; as a writer, the most becoming humility. Mindful of the early encouragement which his own talents met with, he was ever ready to give the same opportunity of advancement to those of others; and on many occasions he was not only the publisher, but the patron of genius. There was no circumstance by which he was more distinguished, than by the grateful remembrance which he retained, and always expressed towards the memory of those to whom he owed the obligation of being first taken notice of in life. Modest, sensible, and humane; he retained the virtues which first brought him into notice, after he had obtained wealth sufficient to satisfy every wish which could arise from the possession of it. He was a generous friend, an encourager of men of genius, and acquired the esteem and respect of all who were acquainted with him. It was his happiness to pass the greatest part of his life in an intimacy with men of the brightest abilities, whose names will be revered by posterity; by most of whom he was loved as much for the virtues of his heart, as he was admired on account of his writings.

As an author, he is entitled to considerable praise. His works are recommended by an ease and elegance, which are sometimes more pleasing than a more laboured and ornamented manner of writing. His prose is familiar, and yet chaste. His Essay on Fable will be a durable monument of his ingenuity. In his dramas he has always kept in view the one great principle, *delectando pariterque monendo*, some general moral is constantly conveyed in each of his plans, and particular instructions are displayed in the particular strokes of satire. The dialogue, at the same time, is easy; the plots simple; and the catastrophe interesting and pathetic. In verse, his compositions sufficiently show what genius alone, unassisted by learning, is capable of executing. His subjects are well chosen and entertaining; the diction is chate and elegant; the sentiments, if not sublime, are manly and pleasing; and the numbers, if not exquisitely polished, are easy and flowing.

Of his poetical production, his Agriculture, a Georgic in three cantos, is the most considerable. The subject is such as must be grateful and entertaining to every Briton; and though, in the execution, there are imperfections impossible to be overlooked by a critical eye, yet there are a number of beauties in it deserving of applause; and those who may have reason to condemn the poet, will find ample cause to commend the patriot. Indeed, to write a truly excellent Georgic, is one of the greatest efforts of the human mind. Perfectly to succeed in this species of poetry, requires a Virgil's genius, judgment, exquisiteness of taste, and power of harmony. The general economy of this Georgic is judicious; it contains several exalted sentiments; and the descriptions are often delicate and well expressed. But, at the same time, the diction is frequently too prosaic, many of the epithets are inadequate, and in some places, sufficient attention is not paid to the powers of the versification.

In the first canto, after having generally proposed his intention, addressed it to the Prince of Wales, and invoked the Genius of Britain, he proceeds to consider husbandry as the source of wealth and plenty; and therefore recommends it to landlords not to oppress the farmer, and to the farmer that he should be frugal, temperate, and industrious. After giving an account of the instruments of husbandry, he describes a country statute, and introduces the episode of Patty, the fair milk-maid. The next objects offered to view are the farmer's poultry, kine, hogs, &c. with their enemies, the kite, the fox, the badger, and such other animals as prey upon the produce of the farm, or impede the industrious labours of the husbandman; and we are shown how the cultivation of the former, and the destruction of the latter contribute alternately to provide him with business or amusement: whence we are led to contemplate the happiness of a rural life; to which succeeds an address to the great to engage them in the study of agriculture. An allegorical explanation of nature's operations on the vegetable world, with a philosophical system, built on the experimental foundation laid by Dr. Hales, concludes the canto. The address to the Genius of Britain is pleasing, and the description of the Fair Milk-maid is exquisitely beautiful.

The second canto begins with instructions for meliorating soils, according to their diversity, whether they consist of sand, loam, or clay. Mr. Tull's principles and practice are particularly takes notice of, and those of the Middlesex gardeners. Directions are also given for various manures, and other methods are pointed out for

the improvement and inclosure of lands; the respective uses of the several forest trees are distinguished; the advantages arising from plantations pointed out; and rules are presented for their successful cultivation. To these succeed some observations on gardening, wherein the taste for straight lines, regular platforms, and clipt trees, imported from Holland at the Revolution, is exploded. These are succeeded by a few compliments to some modern gardens, Chiswick, Richmond, Oatlands, Esher, Woburn, and Hagley; a description of those of Epicurus, and a celebration of his morals. The apostrophe to the Genius of Gardens is happily introduced; and the description of the Gardens of Epicurus is rich and luxuriant.

In the third canto are described hay-making, harvest, and the harvest-home; a method is prescribed for preventing the hay from being mow-burnt, or taking fire. Other vegetable, fossil, and mineral productions peculiar to England are praised. From the culture and produce of the earth, we have a transition to the breeding and management of sheep, cows, and horses; of the latter there are descriptions according to their respective uses; whether for draught, the road, the field, the race, or for war. The portraits of the two last, which are eminently beautiful, conclude the poem.

Of his other poems, his Melpomene may be considered as the greatest effort of his poetical genius. It cannot indeed vie in sublimity and enthusiasm with the lyric compositions of Dryden, Akenside, Collins, Gray, and Mason. It has a more moderate degree of elevation, and poetic fire. It is animated without being rhapsodical, and joins ardent sentiment and picturesque description, to correctness, harmony, and happy expression. His picture of Despair, in the Region of Terror, is finely drawn, and only inferior to that of Spenser. The portrait of Rage is equally happy in the designing, and the expression. In the Region of Pity, the image of a beautiful maid expiring on the corse of a brave lover, who has been killed in vindicating her honour, is affectingly picturesque. That of a too credulous and injured beauty, is equally striking and beautiful, and pregnant with a necessary moral caution.

Of his Art of Preaching, in imitation of Horace's 'Art of Poetry,' the rules are well adapted, and exemplified, and the versification is smooth and elegant. His Songs, in point of tenderness, delicacy, and simplicity, are not inferior to any composition of that kind in the English language.

Most of his smaller pieces may be read with pleasure. His just retort on Burnet, for calling Prior in his 'History of his Own Times,' one Prior, is probably remembered by most readers of poetry.

LEVITY.

AUTHENTICATED ETYMOLOGIES

When the seamen on board the ship of Christopher Columbus after a series of fatigues came in sight of S. Salvador, they burst out into exuberant mirth and jollity. 'The lads are in *A merry key*,' cried the commodore. *America* is now the name of half the globe.

Antiquarians say, that an old Negro at Cape Cod. whenever his master required any thing of him, would exclaim, '*Massa chuse it.*' Thence in time the name of *Massachusetts*.

The girls of Palmyra, when romping with the fellows, often cried out. '*The boys tear us.*'—This gave rise to the word *Boisterous*.

The city of *Albany* was originally settled by Scotch people. When strangers on their arrival there asked how the new comers did? the answer uniformly was, '*Allbonny.*' The spelling we find a little altered, but not the sound.

When Julius Cæsar's army lay encamped at *Ticonderoga*, near two thousand years ago, the deserters were commonly tied upon a battery ram and flogged: When any culprit was brought out, the commanding centurion would exclaim. '*Tie on the rogue!*' The name we see has worn well,

A fat landlady who, about the time of the flight of Mahomet from Mecca, lived between New-Orleans and the Chickasaw cliffs, was scarcely ever unfurnished with pigeon sea pie; and thence got the name of *Mrs. sea pie*. The enormous river *Missisippi* owes its name to this fat landlady.

In the reign of Dermot O'Mullogh in the kingdom of Connought about the beginning of the second century, a noisy fellow of the name of *Pat Riot* made himself very conspicuous. The word *Patriot* has come down to us perfect and unimpaired.

When Nebuchadnezzar took the tour of Asia, coming to the eastern part of it, he was one day asked by the cook, if his emperial majesty could relish a chine of pork?' With a brow frowning dark as Erebus and in a voice of thunder the monarch cried, *Chine! ha!* The affrighted cook fled, and the exclamation became the name of the first kingdom upon the face of the earth.

The term *Hurricane* is supposed to take its rise from one *Harry Kane*, a turbulent Irishman who lived at Antigua. Indeed the very name *Antigua* is now well known to be derived from an avaricious old female planter who once lived on the island and was always called by the sailors, *Aunt Eager*.

When the French first settled on the banks of the river St. Lawrance, they were stinted by the intendant to a can of spruce beer a day. The people thought this measure very scant and every moment articulated a *Can a day!*' It would be ungenerous in our readers to desire a more rational derivation of the word *Canada*.

A jolly West-Indian, whenever the neighbouring girls came to his plantation insisted on their sipping his choicest syrups and reiterated the terms '*My Lasses*;' thence the name of that syrup. Few words have abberrated from their primaries less then this.

A tippling hussey of Grand Cairo in the reign of Ptolomy Philadelphus, was forever frequenting public houses and sipping gin and brandy without paying a single farthing; and by this prudent management obtained the name of *Polly Tick*.—The elder Scaliger, Duns Scotus, and Erasmus, all declare, that the well-known word *Politick*, or *Polcicks*, is derived from this artful trollop.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE FINE ARTS.

[In the following article the amateur will meet with much pleasing information respecting the more celebrated paintings of Sir BENJAMIN WEST, an *American* genius, who, most unaccountably, prefers the banks of the Thames to the banks of the Delaware, and chooses to tint historic canvas, under the patronage of his KING, rather than to paint sign boards for some republican major in the militia, or cover with *Spanish brown* the *dead flat* of some Quaker, out of pure *brotherly love* and affection.]

Thee, West, the various powers of art obey,
The great, the graceful, terrible, and gay;
With equal ease thy skilful pencil roves
Thro' flowery fields, with Venus and her doves,
Gives us the classic scene, the sober gloom,
The learned tone of Archimedes' tomb;
In warmer tints bids gayer scenes arise,
Bids fair Calypso charm in airy dyes.
Who can, unmov'd, thy Regulus behold?
Who see that scene, and yet his praise withhold?
Where, nobly stern of soul, the chieftain stands
Unmov'd, 'mid weeping, supplicating bands;
Turns from the scenes that nurs'd his early years,
Though love and friendship court his stay with tears,
Though Carthage bids her fires of torture burn,
And on her shores death waits for his return.
See too where WOLFE, the dying hero, lies,
Who beams expression, though from fading eyes,
Who calls on glory with his parting breath,
And grasps the laurel in the arms of death.
Yet not to scenes of earth alone confin'd,
The fire and ardent temper of thy mind
Give thee the secrets of the abyss to spy,
Upon the seraph wings of extacy;
To paint what he, in Patmos, who heard cry
The warning voice, that sounded from on high,
Saw in the apocalypse, when Heaven reveal'd
Visions till then from mortal eyes conceal'd,
When he, the conq'ror, went forth; when, to slay,
Went forth the Power that takes all peace away.

NOTES RELATIVE TO THE PAINTINGS OF MR. WEST.

The following notes pretend to no critical knowledge. They were simply dictated by the admiration which was created in me by those talents which produced the pictures here noticed. It may not be improper to mention that I fixed upon the paintings here more particularly described, rather because they conveniently offered themselves as proofs of versatility of talents, than on account of any pre-eminence they may have over the rest of Mr. West's works.

NOTE I.

Cicero discovering the tomb of Archimedes to the Magistrates of Syracuse.

This picture is classic; and the air, and character of the features, the introduction of the lictors, and Consular chariot, the costume, the buildings, the scenery, in short all the component parts are purely so. The combination of forms, and the general air of the buildings, and surrounding landscapes are such, that while we behold them, we imagine ourselves carried back to the age in which the discovery here represented actually took place and planted, amid the sages who are the actors in the scene. Every thing is perfectly in character with the solemn dignity which belongs peculiarly to scenes of this nature. The clouded sky, and the smoke of Mount Ætna, mounting with difficulty, and labouring through a heavy atmosphere, are in perfect concord with the subject. Indeed there is not the form, or character of foliage of a tree, the shape, or colour of a fragment of stone, or the course or tone of a streamlet of water, that does not tend to advance the prime object of the painter.

It has been said, but surely without foundation, that this picture is in the manner of Poussin. It certainly has that composed solemnity which is almost personified in his pictures, and the subject is such as Poussin loved to paint; and this is all the resemblance. The composition of Poussin's groups is generally diffuse, much dispersed, and, if I may so express myself, stringy; and the character which he gave to all his figures, upon all occasions, was a transcript of some statue or bas-releif: he rather loved to paint the simple elements of a passion, and to represent a general idea of man, than to discriminate between this or that national character; and in his pictures we only know from the symbols, and allegory, which he introduced, whether we are on the banks of the Jordan, the Nile, or the Tiber. In Mr. West's picture, the composition of the principal group, is well knit and firm, and the character given to all the personages is such as suits them individually.

The point of time chosen for the picture, is that on which Cicero points out to the astonished, and admiring Syracusians the tomb of their philosopher at the entrance of a grave, while some

are busily employed, with proper implements, in removing the trees, and shrubs that concealed it. We are informed that the tomb of Archimedes, was marked by a sphere and a cylinder; but, as these forms would not of themselves possess sufficient consequence for the purposes of the painter, he has raised them upon a sarcophagus. Behind the group in which Cicero is conspicuous, waits his chariot, preceded by the lictors. Further back in the picture are several spectators, some mounting the eminence on which the principal figures stand. In the distance is the city, from the gates of which the inhabitants, who may he supposed to have heard of the discovery, are rushing out—Mount Ætna occupies the remote distance.

NOTE II.

THE CALYPSO.

The style of Albano does not form a stronger contrast with that of Michael Angelo, than does 'the Calypso' with 'the tomb of Archimedes;' nor is the latter of these pictures less admirable than the former, for the manner in which every thing is made subordinate, to one predominant character, and a strict observance of the subject.

The point of time chosen is that on which Telemachus, and Mentor first meet Calypso and her nymphs, after the shipwreck. Telemachus seems to address the goddess with awe, and diffidence; but in the severe frown, and stern regard, which accompany the eye of scrutiny with which Mentor beholds her, we recognize the penetration and distrust of the concealed Minerva. Calypso is stepping before her nymphs, with that majestic air which Fenelon makes her assume on the occasion. Behind the principal group, are other nymphs dancing and playing on the timbrel.

All crude and raw tints are kept out of the picture, and it appears to be pervaded by a soft and tender atmosphere, which governs the whole with most complete harmony. The light is not an open sunshine, but such as is given by the watery rays of the sun, when flowing from behind a cloud after rain. The manner in which the principal group is composed and borne out by its own shadow, deserves the highest commendation. The sky, the distance, the waves still heaving, and feeling the influence of the past storm, are all happily coloured, formed, and touched. The pencilling of the foliage in the trees is admirable, and totally unlike that in the 'tomb of Archimedes.

NOTE III.

The 'Regulus,' and the 'Wolfe' are too well known to the lovers of art, to need any comment. Those who suppose that the latter of these pictures has derived the general admiration, it has met with, from the circumstance of the faces being all portraits, must have as little knowledge, as taste, and judgment in matters relative to the art. I was sorry to find the following note appended to one of Dr. Beattie's Essays—'An historical picture, like West's death of Wolfe, in which the faces are all portraits of individual heroes, and the dresses according to the present mode, may be more interesting now than if these had been more picturesque, and those expressive of different modifications of heroism. But in a future age, when the dresses become unfashionable, and the faces are no longer known as portraits, is there not reason to fear that this excellent piece will lose its effect?' Surely Dr. Beattie does not mean to say that the picture does now receive its effect, as he terms it, from the circumstance of the faces being portraits, and the dresses being fashionable.

I might quote Rubens as an instance that modern dresses may be introduced even into the company of the gods, and goddesses of ancient Greece; though not without censure from many. But does Dr. Beattie, or do those who shall assent to his opinion, when it may be defined, think that only one style of drapery is to be given to the personages of an historic or dramatic painting; that Mr. West should have wrapped the limbs of his Wolfe, his Moncton, and the other figures of that painting, in the blue, red, and yellow blankets of Florence, or in the seraglio trappings of Rubens? And that (in order to secure himself, in future ages, applause as strong as that which has been showered upon the picture in the present) he should have changed the face of Wolfe, because it had not the ideal beauty, for the features of Mr. Townley's Pericles, or the hat of the former for the more classic helmet of the latter? Or can it be supposed by any one that the subject is improper for the pencil? I know that Sir Joshua Reynolds was persuaded to think so before he saw the picture; but the greatest men are obnoxious to error; and I know that when he did see it, when he beheld the wonderful powers of composition, the irresistible force of nature, of expression, and truth that it contained, he needed no arguments to induce him to change his opinion.

Heroes have been hitherto so monopolized, by the proud accoutrements of Chivalric pomp, by the tunic, the breast-plate, the morrion, and the habergeon, that it certainly required some boldness to combat the erroneous opinion that had gone abroad, deduced falsely from principles that could not support it. A hero in boots, and breeches, undoubtedly requires that some management should be bestowed upon him before he can impress us, with the veneration we should feel for him, when arrayed in the prescriptive habilliments of the heroes of antiquity. The cocked hat of one of our Generals has not so imposing an air, as the helmet of a Greek; and, in sound at least, the *ευκνημιδες Αχαιοι* have an advantage over the 'well booted Hessians;' and even if the forms of different parts of ancient and modern dress, should be passed over without a comparison, the modern attire may lose something of its consequence from being familiar to our eyes; while the ancient, as with the generality of mankind, according to Tacitus, omne ignotum pro magnifico est, gains as much from being too rare for common, or frequent inspection. I can readily allow myself to be persuaded, that if the target and the helmet were as frequent in our streets, as are the parasols, and plumed hats of our ladies, we should (setting aside gallantry) behold the latter with at least as much respect as we should be inclined to pay to the former.

But the judicious painter can conceal, or even turn to his advantage, by particular incidents of light and shadow, those objects which common opinions deem to be unfavourable to his art. An example of this is before us in the picture now mentioned. The hat of the general is placed upon the ground, so as to be of great service in breaking the flatness of a large mass of light, the stock round his neck, answers the same purpose; both of the objects operating in the painting, as a discord introduced into a musical composition; like that, too, they arrest the attention, and fix it upon particular points.

I dare hope and believe that this picture will be instrumental in overthrowing a great, and injurious prejudice: it has already been imitated, and has given a new light to the historic painting of almost all Europe. What the objections may be that can be set in array against the subject, I know not; it is not merely historic, it is dramatic, as circumscribed by historic truth; and every subject of this kind, be its accompaniments, its accidents what they may, is proper for the pencil. Must we only paint Romans and Greeks? Can no human being, be the hero of a picture until he has ceased to live for a thousand years?

We have sufficient proof from other paintings far inferior to this, that the dresses of a picture cannot influence its fate, unless it is bad in other respects, who can believe that the scene in which Calas and his daughters are the chief actors (by Chodoweicki) will ever cease to affect and interest? yet the draperies are less favourable in that work to the purposes of the artist (according to received notions) than the 'Wolfe.' But, like Mr. West, Chodoweicki knew that the object of the dramatic (or, if you will have it to be a simple history, the historic) painter is, to make, form, composition, and colour, but the vehicles of passion and expression, of truth and nature.

[*To be continued.*]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Time, which is continually washing away the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of SHAKSPEARE.....Dr. Johnson's Preface.

FIRST COMPLETE EDITION IN AMERICA,

FROM THE TEXT OF THE

BEST EDITORS OF SHAKSPEARE.

Hugh Maxwell and Thomas S. Manning,

Propose to publish, during the month of April ensuing,

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WITH

THE CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

VARIOUS COMMENTATORS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

NOTES,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON AND GEORGE STEEVENS.

From the fifth and latest London edition, published in 1803....revised and augmented

BY ISAAC REID.

WITH A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

Sweet SWAN of Avon, what a sight it were
To see thee *in our waters* yet appear,
With all those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and king James!
But stay...I see thee in *our hemisphere*
Advanc'd, and made a constellation here:....
Shine forth, thou STAR OF POETS, and, with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage.
BEN JONSON.

TERMS.

The first complete edition, in America, of Shakspeare will be contained in sixteen volumes, duodecimo.

It will be printed in a style, eminently beautiful, on a fine cream-coloured woven paper, with a type entirely new and cast for the purpose, by Messrs. Binny and Ronaldson.

The Proprietors pledge themselves, that it shall surpass the London edition in neatness of mechanical execution, and rival it in fidelity and correctness.

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—

Dr. Toulmin will soon publish a small volume entitled "Addresses to young men" The subjects on which they turn are sobermindedness, religion, the pursuit of Knowledge, company, conversation, sympathy towards the sex and marriage. and on application to trade, on professional subjects of interest and importance to the maners and happiness of youth.

A new and improved edition of Byron's short Hand, edited by Mr. Molineux of Macclesfield is preparing for publication.

Clio, or a Discourse on Taste. Addressed to a Lady. A new Edition, illustrated by Notes, Anecdotes, and Quotations, adopted to the present Era, By J. Mathew, Esq. A Deputy Lieutenant of the County, and late Captain in the South Battalion of Middlesex Militia; Author of Letters, written during the war in Indian, Political Strictures, Poems, &c.

Few Works have been more popular, or ran though a greater number of Editions, than Clio: It has, however, for some years been out of print, and since the days of its Author, such a variety of revolutions have occurred in the circumstances of the world, that some elucidation appeared necessary in order to produce the effect intended by the original publication. In the humble hope of contributing in a slight degree to this object, the present edition is respectfully offered to the Public, with the Addition of Notes on some part of the Text, which appeared not perfectly applicable to the present Era; Anecdotes of deceased and living personages adduced as examples of asserted facts; and Quotations from Authors who have written on the subjects, of Taste, Genius, and the Fine Arts. The ease and familiarity of style in which the Work is written, cannot fail of being pleasing to every person of real tase; and from being entirely free from abstruse disquisition, or quotations in the learned languages, it will probably prove peculiarly acceptable to the Ladies, to whom it is more particularly addressed.

Sold by Longman and Rees, Paternoster-row; ad Emery and Adams, Bristol.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAHS.

A Political writer in England, thus describes the situation of two of the Continental Powers.

Spain is intirely under the influence of France. The Spanish government has been, hitherto, suffered to remain neutral in the war, because, no doubt it appeared its services might be, thus, more effectually useful to France, than if it had openly but unwillingly taken part in the hostilities against England. How long this neutrality may be *suffered* to continue seems uncertain.

Germany remains, for the present, tranquil wherever it is not oppressed by the armies of France, or subjected otherwise, to inconveniences in consequence of the precautions which England is obliged to take against the dangers of naval enterprizes from the German ports in the power of France. Austria augments its troops and makes every defensive preparation which its revenues will bear without alarming the jealousy of those states by which it is viewed with fear or rivalry. Prussia, on the one hand fearfully cajoling France; on the other hand, still striving to rise to a new ascendancy over the house of Austria, maintains, also a great army in perfect discipline. Bavaria having lately risen to new importance among the powers of the German empire keeps up also a great military force, and watches the movments and designs of its neighbours with assiduity. The smaller powers remain in a certain subjection to the views of those three grearter ones and to the influence of France. On the other hand, there is not, now, an appearance as if any state in Germany would interfere in the present war.

—

The perfectibility of human nature is said to be one of the favourite tenets of the creed of Mr. Jefferson. To make a trial which shall test the correctness, of this opinion, a very favorable opportunity offers in our lately acquired territory of Louisiana. Here is ample scope for an experiment. The pupils would be the children of nature, the savages of the forest, whose minds are unadulterated with the prejudices of civilized life, unshackled with its useless restraints, and 'unembarrassed with too much regulation.' Mr. J. might make himself president for life of this Utopia, and perhaps realise some of his fondest dreams.

" No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpet kindle war no more;
But useful lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a ploughshare end.

* * * * * * *

The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowing bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet;
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd the green lustre of their scales survey,
And with their forkey tongues shall innocently play.'

—

We are happy to preceive that the London Booksellers, have announced the publication of the first vol. of the Annual review or history of Literature for 1802, to be continued annually. A. Aiken, Editor.

The plan of this work, is such as to combine the characters, both of a review and a history of Literature, and it is hoped that, upon the whole, its execution will be found, to be not unworthy of the rank, to which it aspires. The division into chapters corresponding with the various branches of human knowledge, each of which is preceded by an historical introduction, will, we doubt not, be acknowledged to be equally advantageous as novel. Even for temporary purposes, and for an increased interest in the present perusal, an orderly arrangement is preferable to a miscellaneous, and disproportionate mixture; and for future research, for the ease and convenience with which it may be consulted respecting any particular work, or class of Literature it possesses a clear superiority over all other similar publications. From the compressed, yet handsome manner in which it is printed, this single volume contains as much as is comprized in the three volumes of any monthly series; by which the double advantage is secured of diminishing the expense to the Purchaser, and occupying less space in the Library. The publication of this first volume, has been so long delayed by a most unfortunate accident, and by the Editor's inexperience in the details of management, that we must forego, in the present instance, the merit which it would otherwise have possessed as an *early* review of books. Arrangements have, however, been made, which for the future will obviate this disadvantage; and we do not mean to deceive the public, when we announce, that the second and all succeeding volumes will make their appearance in the month of March, in every year. The Proprietors and Editor have only to add, that as no pains have been spared, nor expense declined, in procuring the assistance of men in every respect well qualified for the office, they boast that this work will in no respect be found inferior to any other critical publication.

This vol. is a large royal Octavo, Price a Guinea *in Extra boards covered with green paper.

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The following whimsical letter appeared in one of the English papers the last year, and we understand that the author's eccentricity obtained him the hand of the fair one to whom it was addressed.

Miss,

You demand of me my lineage, my birth, parentage, &c. Briefly then, I am an Indian—one of the aboriginals of America—descended from a sachem of known valour and merit—my father, a chief of one of the small western tribes, and, in his own country, passes for a great man. His coat of arms is a tomma-hawk and scalping knife, which are considered, in America, of equal rank with the Lion and Unicorn of Great Britain. My mother is a descendant from one of the great families of the south, and, if ever such a nation did exist, is probably of Amazonian extract. She, like all other Americans, is of a good stature, handsome featured, long black hair, and a fine bright copper complexion. The *barbarity* of your English customs has clipped my hair till it insensibly became a crop. I hope my descent may not be frowned upon by your ladyship. If I am not quite so much of the copper complexion as you might expect from this descripiion, I can only say that European polish has taken it off. This, my dear lady, is all I know of myself, except that I am excessively enamoured of you—and, unless you prove more kind to my wishes, I certainly shall recross the Atlantic, and drown myself in the Muskingum or Wabash.

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The motto of the English arms is 'Honi soit qui mal-y-pense.' A Yorkshire wag, reading it on the sign of a public inn, rendered it thus—'Honey, suet, quills, and malt pens.'

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The motto of the English ambassador's (Mr. Merry) coat of arms is 'Toujours Gai,' *always merry.*

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* The annual subscription of the monthly critical Journals in boards is £ 1. 19, and this vol. contains an equal quantity of matter.

The Editor of the National Ægis, a democratic paper, thus candidly appreciates the worth of Connecticut wit and humour. "We are always pleased with sterling wit and pungent satire, wherever it may be found, and whatever may be the subject. We cannot, therefore, withhold our tribute of applause from the anniversary ode in the Connecticut Courant, intitled 'Sketches of the Times.' It is a legitimate offspring of the sportive muse, which brought forth Hudibras, and presided at the birth of MacFingal. Without approving the invective, or subscribing to the political sentiments of the author, we feel ourselves at liberty to laugh at his wit, and to admire his genius."

THE SAILOR'S FAREWEL.

By Dr. Ogilvie.

Hark! the hollao, that calls us away!
Tom, fill up a bumper in haste;
While the ship lies unmor'd in the bay,
Let us drink to the days that are past.

Let us drink, jolly boys, ere we part,
To our mates that carouse on the shore,
To the friend whom we lodge in our heart;
To the nymph whom we prize as our store.

Adieu to the hut in the vale,
To the secret recess in the grove;
To old Ned, with October so stale;
To Molly, the maid of my love:

To the joys of the feast and the glass,
Where beauty displays all her charms;
To the song and the buxom young lass,
That melts at the sound in your arms.

See the mainsail that floats on the wind,
Hark! they heave up the anchor!—Gee ho!
Our friends stand assembled around,
While the shores all re-echo—hillo!

Let the heart of each Britain rejoice
At the shouts that resound from the main;
'Tis the spirit of England, brave boys,
That swells in the slow rolling strain.

Farewel to our dear native home,
And our sweet little pastimes of yore;
O'er the wide spreading ocean we roam,
And may see the old hamlet no more.

Yet the heart of a sailor can feel
For his friends, for his country's repose;
To these he presents the smooth peel;
And the rough oak beneath—to their foes.

Ye breezes, blow fair from the land!
Thou Power, on all nature impress'd,
Who holds the wild winds in thy hand,
O smooth the rough billows to rest.

They fill the loose sails as they glide;
The landscape recedes from the view;
In our broad wake, we furrow the tide—
Ye snores of old England, adieu!

SONNET.

THE VILLAGE SABBETH.

The farm-house left, from upland hills and dells,
The rustic troop crowd thro' the church-yard lane;
With lively chime resound the busy bells,
As wind their footsteps to the ivy'd fane.
Dress'd in their Sunday shoes, their milk-white frock,
The lisping younkers trudge with shining face;
The curate, watchful shepherd of his flock,
Smiles on his charge with unaffected grace.
His partner, doctress of the peasant train,
Her offspring by, showers blessings as she goes;
Their little hands huge books of prayer sustain,
Their cheeks more ruddy than the damask rose!
Blest emblems of the golden age!—how few,
Scenes of tranquillity, like your's pursue.

THE HOPEFUL YOUTH.

A man who saw his son quite handy
Toss off a glass of strong French brandy;
Neddy, cried he, ah don't do so,
For liquor is our greatest foe.
But we are taught to love our foes,
Quoth Ned, so, father, here it goes.

Recal, Clarinda, to thy breast,
The moments past and o'er,
When tho' we were, ah! too, too blest,
We sigh'd for something more.

When I was doating and content,
And thou, Clarinda, dear,
With new desires my soul was rent,
And thine with jealous fear.

Oh, had we with discretion lov'd,
And sometimes thou deny'd,
We ne'er the sick disgust had prov'd,
Nor o'er past fondness sigh'd.

Ah, parracide delight, the flame
That gave thee birth, is cloy'd,
The traitor bliss, like Judas, came,
And with a kiss destroy'd.

The subjoined *retort courteaus* was occasioned by a cynical allusion in a late Port Folio.

With learning's magic *spell*,
Shall gentle ladies charm you,
When ignorance can tell—
A *simple* rule to charm you?

What nymph, endow'd with senses,
Employs scholastic art,
(With nouns, and moods, and tenses),
To conjugate—the heart?

Your sophistry illusive,
Unletter'd belles can reach:
And arguments conclusive,
As ruby lips will teach.

CANZONET.

By John Edmund Harwood.

Ask why a blush o'erspreads the rose,
Its velvet leaves in crimson dyed;
Why, round, the busy zephyr blows,
And waves the flower in stately pride:

Ask why the lilies, drooping shed
The dew-drop from each pallid leaf;
Why each reclines its beauteous head,
As weigh'd to earth with bitter grief:

Emma vouchsafed the rose a kiss!
The modest lily she disdain'd!
Who would not weep such joy to miss?
Who would not blush, such joy obtain'd?

LITERARY MAGAZINE.—A new monthly publication has made its appearance in Philadelphia. It is termed the Literary Magazine, and is edited by a gentleman whose talents are acknowledged to be of a superior order. As the author of a novel called *Wieland*, he acquired considerable celebrity, and we find from the second number that the subject on which that work was founded is to be persued in the present periodical publication. It will be recollected by the readers of Wieland that the extraordinary power of ventriloquism has a very material agency in producing the surprizing incidents interwoven in that story. The memoirs of Carwin the Biloquist, which are commenced in the magazine, for November, will it is presumed possess more then common interest.

While it is to be regretted that every attempt to diffuse miscellaneous information and entertainment by publications of this sort have hitherto been found unprofitable to those who have made effort, it is also to be hoped that the success of the present undertaking will remove the stigma consequently attached to the taste and literature of this country.

[*N. Y. Morn. Chron.*

Anecdote.—Two men of the sword, one from Virginia, the other from Kentucky, meeting at an Inn, in Pennsylvania, over a bottle of wine, an altercation took place, which ended in a challenge from the Virginian, and was accepted by the Kentuckian. The seconds were chosen, and the preliminaries agreed on; which were, that they should stand back to back and march, and neither fire till both had wheeled. They took their stand, and both marched; the Virginian turned, and saw his antagonist still marching forward, and cried out 'where are you going?' to which the other answered, casting his eye over his right shoulder, 'I am going to Kentucky, sir.'

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Philander's 'accomplished fair' must, in our opinion, display more airs and graces, before she can make any *conquests in public*.

'Verses on a violin' are destitute of *harmony*.

The 'acrostic on spring' is of such a versatile and accommodating character, that it would apply, with equal propriety and success, to a very chilly season.

We would cheerfully oblige S. O. if his request was within our plan.

The greatest obligation we can bestow on 'Sydney,' is to suppress his production.

'Past twelve o'clock' came too *late* for insertion.

H, who dates his poetry from Cambridge, is invited to a regular correspondence.

The correspondent who, some time since, favoured us with one of the most pertinent speculations on the cession of Louisiana we have ever perused, and shortly after transmitted an anecdote respecting the first Earl of Chatham, will oblige us by continuing his speculations.

The dialogue between X and Y is incomprehensible. It may be wit at Washington, or excite a smile at New-Orleans, but it has a very grave face in Philadelphia.

A correspondent avers that his performance was not originally intended for the press, therefore, agreeably to the *first intention*, it shall not be sent to our Printer.

The epitaph, sent us by S, has been repeatedly printed in all the news-papers.

Climenole usefully and pleasantly derides the democrats. His stile is in the manner of the Dean of St. Patrick's, and his wit is a thorn in the side of jacobinism.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONNET.

TO WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

Written in the year 1792.

Cowper! to thee, whose comprehensive mind
Looks nature through, whose animated lyre,
By plastic genius to thy hands consign'd,
No vulgar thoughts, no vulgar strains inspire,
My thanks sincere I pay—not that thy muse,
Borne on maonian wing, has dar'd to soar—
Not that thy vivid fancy-fashion'd views
Breathe the rich spirit of poetic lore,
But that fair freedom's self the theme supplies,
O'erlooks thy labours, and thy work refines,
Bids thee lament the trade where mercy dies,
And coward justice all his rights resigns.
Oh! when will Britain hear her awful voice,
Oh! when shall Afric's sons rejoice!

HARLEY.

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